

Robb's appearance before the smallfolk had gone well enough. The people of King's Landing had accepted Robb's rule quite quickly after he'd taken the capital. Tyrion Lannister had commented to him that the commonfolk cared not for whose arse sat on the throne as long as they were left alone and they had food in their bellies. Sansa had mentioned how restless the capital had become during Joffrey's brief reign, thanks in no small part to House Tyrell not sending them food, and Stannis had been a stern ruler who had conquered the capital through bloodshed and then immediately began preparing it for Robb's inevitable arrival. The capital did not have anyone marching on it or preparing to attack it at present, and obviously the Tyrells were being generous with their food supply since he and Margaery now held the throne. The people here may not feel generations worth of loyalty to him and his family as the north did for House Stark, but their cheers had been genuine enough as Robb rode through the city and waved.

Would that the vows of fealty had passed as quickly as his ride before the people had. But it was important that all of the lords of the great houses who had come for his coronation knelt before the king on his throne, pledged their fealty to him and acknowledged him as their king one by one, so Robb sat in that uncomfortable throne of melted swords and accepted their oaths of fealty.

His mother Catelyn and sister Arya were there for Winterfell, though obviously their support of him had never been in question. The northern lords as well as those of the Riverlands who had supported him from the earliest days of the war knelt before him, and he thanked them for their loyalty and bravery while accepting their fealty.

Bronze Yohn Royce offered his pledge, as well as an apology from Lord Robert Arryn of the Vale and his mother Lysa, who had been unable to attend because the people of the Vale were still recovering from the war. Considering the Vale had stayed out of the war more or less entirely, this was a dubious excuse. The tale both Robb's mother and Tyrion had told him of their time in the Eyrie during the latter's trial troubled him. Robb's cousin Robert was clearly not well, and his Aunt Lysa did not seem to have recovered from the loss of her husband Jon Arryn. The situation in the Vale bore watching, though Robb had larger and more pressing concerns to deal with.

The Lannisters had been Robb's biggest foe. Had things gone differently, had he not happened to be there when Renly was killed, had Margaery not proactively suggested that they wed before her father and the Lannisters could agree to one of their own, it may very well have been the lion who wed the rose and formed an alliance whose numbers Robb would have had no hope of combating.

But he had been there, Margaery had made her proposal, and Robb had made his choice. The Tyrells fought for him, and the lion's claws had been removed when Tywin took the bait of Randyll Tarly pillaging in the Westerlands and sprang the trap. The army of the Westerlands had been smashed in the trap as well, and between the loss of soldiers and the loss of their leader, the Lannisters had lost the war that day. Taking Casterly Rock would still have been a long, bitter task had it not been for the unexpected aid from Tyrion Lannister, who had cast his lot with the winning side and led them straight into

the Rock through the tunnels beneath it in exchange for being acknowledged and supported as Lord of Casterly Rock, the title that had been his by rights once his older brother Jaime had donned the white cloak of the Kingsguard, but which his father had refused to give him. Even now, there were men in the throne room who snickered at Tyrion Lannister behind his back as he swore his fealty to his king, but Tyrion held his head high. It had been the gold of the Rock that paid for today's coronation, and those gold veins would support Robb's reign in various ways. There was a mutually beneficial relationship, and Robb saw no reason for that to change. He needed Lannister gold, and Tyrion needed his support to hold onto his birthright.

The support of the Reach was without question, but Lord Mace Tyrell's words of fealty lasted twice as long as anyone else's had. Robb had listened, nodded and smiled politely, letting his goodfather have his moment. For Robb, accepting the throne had merely been a means to an end, a way to receive Tyrell support. But for Mace, having his blood one day sit the throne was his life's ambition, and none had been happier about or more looking forward to this coronation than the Lord of Highgarden. His daughter Margaery had become queen in truth rather than merely in title as she had been with Renly, his grandson would eventually become king, and the man was as proud as if it was him sitting the throne and receiving words of fealty from the major figures of the realm. Robb knew that Mace would support his cause as strongly as any, because it was the Reach's cause as well. Robb could count on having their loyalty, their food and their army to support him against any who might seek to depose him.

Theon Greyjoy calling himself the King of the Iron Islands when he pledged his support for Robb did not please all who heard it, but Robb would honor the hand of friendship and alliance he'd extended to Theon's father Balon. Balon had spat on that offer and attacked the north instead, but he was now dead, and by the standards of Westeros, Theon was his heir. It remained to be seen how welcoming the Iron Islands would be of Balon's surviving son, and Robb was wary of what the remaining ironborn might be up to. They hadn't taken any action recently, but he wasn't about to assume that they would fall in line just because Balon was dead. Theon was Robb's friend, almost a brother, but he did not believe he could consider the rest of the ironborn anything but a foe until they proved otherwise.

Of all those who knelt before him to swear their fealty, none held Robb's interest as keenly as Princess Arianne Martell of Dorne did. Seeing Arianne kneel and look up at him made Robb wonder if she might be willing to visit his chambers for the more intimate celebration that he and Margaery were planning to have that evening...

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Princess Arianne had managed to look alluring even while kneeling at his feet with far too many eyes on them for her to do anything more than smile at him. She was beautiful enough and confident enough in her sexual appeal that she could catch his attention without truly trying. As interested as he'd been in her back in the throne room, however,

it couldn't compare to how she looked kneeling at his feet on the floor of his bedchamber and sucking his cock.

The heir to Sunspear was as skilled using her mouth to suck as she was using it to flirt, so she could have been down on her knees all by herself and Robb would have been enjoying his post-coronation celebration a great deal. But she wasn't on her own. Alayaya, the beautiful Summer Islander who had so impressed her king and queen during their tour of the Street of Silk, was right there on her knees next to Arianne, and the two of them were worshipping their king together.

The princess and the brothel worker worked side by side as equals, trading off and splitting up their duties in order to bring Robb as much pleasure as they could. While one of them sucked his cock, the other would play with his balls. When they licked and kissed his cock together, they didn't get competitive with each other. Arianne and Alayaya both understood that working together would be far more successful than trying to prove their individual superiority and Robb was thankful for the effort.

Margaery seemed to be enjoying the effort of the other woman who'd joined them for the evening. Her dutiful handmaiden Mira was spending time with her father Lord Gregor, here from Ironrath for the coronation, but Dacey was seeing to it that the queen still got ample attention while Robb was serviced by Arianne and Alayaya. The queen and the she-bear were both naked on the bed, and all Robb had to do was look in that direction to receive an excellent view of Dacey's arse sticking up in the air as she licked Margaery from her knees. He couldn't see Margaery's face, but his wife's familiar moans made clear how well Dacey's tongue was doing between her legs. It was an exciting thing to watch and listen to, and naturally the view was no less compelling when he looked straight down and saw the beautiful faces of the Dornish princess and the whore from the Summer Isles worshipping his cock.

"If you two keep that up much longer, you'll be swallowing my seed soon," he said. Alayaya continued to suck on his balls, but Arianne pulled her lips away from his cockhead to smile up at him.

"That doesn't sound like any reason for us to stop," the princess said. She playfully smacked her own cheek with his cock a few times, and Robb groaned.

"Normally, it wouldn't be," Robb said, shaking his head. "But I'd like to make sure I have time to fuck all four of you who were kind enough to celebrate my coronation before I go."

"Say no more," Arianne said. "None of us would want to miss out on that, now would we, lovely Alayaya?"

Alayaya released Robb's balls from her mouth. "No, we wouldn't," she agreed with a smile. "I am ready whenever and however you want me, Your Grace."

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“Do it harder, Robb,” Margaery encouraged him. She was still making use of Dacey’s mouth, but now she was sitting on her face so she could watch Robb fuck Alayaya at the same time. The lovely Summer Islander had invited him to use her however he wanted her, and how he wanted her was bending over in front of him while he held her by the hips and fucked her from behind. “Make those lovely breasts bounce.”

Robb thought about offering some sort of sarcastic quip wondering who was being celebrated here tonight and whether he should be taking orders from anyone, but it would have been silly to act as if he didn’t want to do exactly what his wife had encouraged him to do. He increased the speed of his thrusts, fucking Alayaya’s sweet cunt harder and making her tits bounce more prominently in the effort, just as his queen wanted. And she wasn’t the only one who enjoyed watching Alayaya’s tits bounce.

“You picked a fine girl,” Arianne said in approval as she watched. She was standing to the side slightly so Margaery could see but was still close enough to have a good look at Alayaya herself. “If my uncle Oberyn had known that there were girls like Alayaya in the brothels of King’s Landing, I daresay he might have demanded to represent House Martell at the coronation.”

“I’m glad he didn’t, since it meant you and I got to become such good friends instead,” Robb said, sharing a chuckle with Arianne while keeping the deep thrusts coming with Alayaya. “And I don’t think there are any others quite like Alayaya. She came very highly recommended.”

“I can see why,” Arianne said, licking her lips. She reached her hand out and gave one of Alayaya’s bouncing tits a light squeeze. “I’ve a mind to take her back to Dorne with me when I leave.”

“Don’t you dare!” Margaery said, giggling. “Mira is wonderful, but I can’t expect her to fulfill all of my needs alone. I’ll be calling on Alayaya regularly once my husband has gone again and taken Dacey and her tongue along with him.” She moaned and closed her eyes, making Robb think that Dacey had just taken it upon herself to remind her exactly how amazing that tongue was.

Thinking of the nights Margaery would spend with Alayaya and Mira joining her in their bed, likely often at the same time, was almost appealing enough for Robb to entertain the idea of staying in King’s Landing at least a little longer. He couldn’t, of course. He had a duty to his realm and his people, and that duty would very soon take him out of his wife’s bed and King’s Landing towards the north, the Wall, the Night’s Watch and their battle against the wildlings.

He was not leaving tonight, though. If he was going to have to leave Margaery’s side all too soon, he needed to make tonight count. That meant giving Alayaya the quick, deep thrusts that all of them wanted. Margaery and Arianne enjoyed watching the young

woman's breasts jiggle. Robb assumed that most brothel workers, at least the good ones, had been trained to moan convincingly and make their partners think that they were bringing them great pleasure no matter how they might actually feel physically. But he had every confidence that Alayaya's moans were the real thing. He had that confidence because of his experience, with her and with other women. He'd heard her moan much like this before, and it had always culminated in feeling her body tighten around him in orgasm soon enough.

Robb was doing this for himself most of all, of course. It had been Margaery's idea to ask about Alayaya being part of this evening's private celebration, but he had been quick to agree. She was a sweet, lovely girl and an amazing fuck, and he would miss being able to call upon her any time he or his wife had the desire. Since this was likely to be the last time he got to fuck her until he returned from the north, whenever that was, he wanted to feel her around his cock one last time and give her a fuck that both of them would remember while he was gone.

His certainty that Alayaya was genuinely enjoying herself was backed up by her letting out a sweet moan as he fucked her to orgasm and made her cunt squeeze his cock even tighter. Arianne must have found those moans just as sweet as he did, because she put her hand on Alayaya's cheek, turned her head towards her and kissed her mouth. They broke the kiss a few moments later, but only so they could drop to their knees and share his seed.

He hadn't wanted to let his first orgasm happen until he'd fucked one of them, and now he had. He'd gotten to stick his dick inside of Alayaya one last time, and it would have to last him until he'd made it back from the north. But there were still three women left for him to run through before this celebration was through. The look in Arianne's eyes as she swallowed the last of his seed established how eager she was to be next. He just had to decide how he was going to fuck the princess this time around.

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"Fuck, fuck, fuck!" Arianne chanted. She had long since given up on trying to engage in any sort of playful dirty talk once Robb had settled in. She was just moaning and cursing as he held her up in the air and bounced her on his cock. He held her up facing away from him, his arms hooked underneath her thighs and his hands groping her breasts while he fucked her. Her feet dangled in the air as he moved her body up and down, raising and lowering her on his cock.

He didn't pull her far in either direction, and he didn't need to. His cock remained almost completely buried inside of her at all times, and when he raised her up off of it ever so slightly, it was only so he could drop her right back down and sheathe himself fully within her once again. Arianne Martell's cunt was stuffed full of her king's cock as often as possible, and that was how they both wanted it. Theirs had quickly become a fruitful friendship.

Arianne Martell had her own reasons for doing what she'd done to get on his good side. He'd known that she hadn't conspired to smuggle Sansa out of King's Landing purely as an act of charity, and upon meeting with her here in King's Landing, he now understood why she'd been so interested in earning his favor. The princess had good reason to support him if she was right about her father seeking to take away her birthright and ignore Dornish tradition to make her younger brother Quentyn his heir instead. Robb would support her if it came to that, though he obviously couldn't be sure what would happen there. He didn't know what Arianne's father was up to or how he felt about Robb being king. The man had kept Dorne out of the war, and Robb hadn't had any problem with that, as he hadn't had any need of Dorne's backing once he'd gotten the Reach to join his cause.

Robb hoped that Prince Doran wouldn't cause any problems, for him or for Arianne, because he would hate to think that he would ever not be able to count her among his friends. She'd earned his gratitude by returning Sansa to him via her cousin Tyene Sand, and upon their meeting in King's Landing, he had learned just how satisfying a friendship with the Dornish princess could be.

"Are you sure I can't convince you to stay in King's Landing as my guest after my husband has gone, princess?" Margaery asked. Dacey had finished her off with her mouth not long after Robb had picked Arianne up and slid her down onto his cock, and now she was sitting up in the bed and hugging Dacey against her body from behind. "At least for a time?"

"I'll, *oh*, I'll c-consider it," Arianne panted. "But first, I need to cum!"

Margaery laughed. "You heard her, Robb. Give our Dornish friend what she needs."

It was Robb's great pleasure to keep bouncing Arianne Martell on his cock. Would that he could stay behind with her and enjoy her 'friendship' for longer. But he couldn't let himself think about that right now or lament his coming departure. Thinking about his leaving, or the potential that her ambitions and those of Prince Doran might complicate their friendship, would do him no good. He needed to enjoy the brief time that he did have with her here, holding her feet up off of the floor and bouncing her on his cock, and that was what he did. But he wanted her to enjoy it even more, and he had just the idea on how to try and make that happen.

"Alayaya, would you make the princess feel good for me?" he asked, looking to the side at the young woman who had been sitting on the floor and recovering from her fuck. She looked ready to return now though; ready to do whatever was asked of her.

"Of course, my king," she said. She crawled over on her knees and then stood up slightly, not quite able to reach the right height from her knees. But after getting up into more of a squat, she managed to lean her head in and bring her mouth to Arianne's clit.

"Oh, fuck, *yes!*" Arianne groaned. "That's it; suck on me just like that!"

Robb's need to move the princess up and down only slightly now had an added benefit, because with Arianne's body remaining at roughly the same level throughout, Alayaya was able to lick and suck on her clit uninterrupted. Alayaya's oral performance had always received words of highest praise from Margaery, and Arianne would surely say much the same if these moans she let out now were anything to go off of. She'd already been moaning and cursing plenty with Robb bouncing her on his cock, and Alayaya's mouth joining in had only increased it all. It definitely wouldn't take much of this for the princess to get what she'd said she needed.

Robb wasn't far off himself, but he kept the bounces coming for long enough that he got to hear Arianne squeal as she came from the combined pleasures of her cunt dropping onto his cock and her clit receiving the skilled service of the finest that Chataya's brothel had to offer.

He put Arianne down on her feet when it all became too much for her to enjoy, and per her request, allowed her to grab his cock and stroke it until he shot his seed all over her face. It was an unusual request for a princess to make, but much like Margaery, Arianne was not afraid to get filthy in the bedchamber. And as if to prove her lack of shame, she turned towards Margaery with her face still dripping with Robb's seed.

"You'd better make sure Alayaya is paid *handsomely* for her services if you don't want me to lure her to Dorne when I leave," Arianne said, wiping some of Robb's seed away from her eyes.

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Arianne was sitting in a chair and drinking some wine after wiping off her face, but Alayaya had followed Robb as he made his way to the bed where Margaery and Dacey waited for him. There hadn't been any need for him to consider which of them he might fuck first, because Dacey made the decision for everyone by grabbing him and dragging him down into the position she wanted.

Of all four women he was fucking tonight, Dacey was the only one he would not be temporarily saying goodbye to when he departed King's Landing. Just as she had been throughout the war, she would be right there with him on the trip north; right there at his side as they rode for the Wall to answer the call of the Night's Watch. He would be able to count on her to fight with all of her usual strength and ferocity, and he could also depend on her strong, sexy body being there to warm his bed and satisfy his sexual desires just as he satisfied hers.

But knowing Dacey was coming with him was no reason for him to leave her out of the celebration. He'd known he wanted her here tonight as soon as Margaery mentioned the idea of a private celebration, and not just because she'd fought beside him so loyally for so long. She had, of course, but the larger reason for her invitation was that he could never get enough of fucking her and would welcome any excuse to do so.

Margaery was perfectly happy to open their bed to her as well and was not jealous in the slightest as she watched him fuck Dacey in their bed. She was on her side, cuddling with Alayaya, kissing the Summer Islander's neck and shoulder and leisurely toying with her breasts while she watched Robb go.

Leisurely was just about the last word that could be used to describe Robb fucking Dacey right now. As was common with them, he was fucking her hard. She was on her back with her legs bent at the knee and sticking up in the air, pinned in place as they were by Robb's arms planted on either side of them. He was effectively on his hands and knees above her, using them both for balance and leverage to snap his hips forward and bury his cock inside of Dacey with the sort of aggressive, relentless speed that she so often enjoyed. He already knew how much Dacey liked being fucked in this fashion, but her hands grabbed at his upper back and neck all the same, and she grunted next to his ear while he pounded her with his head beside hers. His thighs clapped against her arse every time that he pushed his cock back into her, and the force of their rutting was such that he could see Margaery and Alayaya bounce and rock slightly any time that he looked in their direction.

He didn't have much opportunity to look over at them though, because he was focused and positioned to fuck Dacey as hard as she liked to be fucked, and that took everything he had. Robb didn't want to slow down until he felt Dacey cum, so he shut out everything else and just put his all into keeping his hips moving. He focused fully on fucking the woman who had proven her loyalty to him, not to mention her desire to be fucked rotten, a thousand times over.

Robb's diligence and effort culminated in Dacey's arms holding on tightly as she came with a scream into the side of his neck. He was glad her mouth hadn't been directly against his ear, because she was loud enough as it was. This way, he was able to enjoy the huge climax he'd pounded out of her without any damage being done to his eardrums.

It was a certainty that she was going to be screaming like this plenty during their trip north, so it was nice that his ears were spared this time around at least.

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"Do you remember the first time we did it like this?"

Robb smiled and rubbed Margaery's back as he looked up at her. "How could I forget?" he said. "The view is no less magnificent now as it was then."

His wife giggled. "So much has changed, but some things have remained the same." Margaery's hands rubbed in circles on his sweaty chest. "Like how good your cock feels inside of me, for example. Though I'd like to think I've only gotten better at knowing what to do with it."



“As fondly as I’ll always remember our first times together, you’ve surely gotten better,” Robb agreed. The first time he’d gotten down on his back and had Margaery ride him had been the morning after their wedding, and they’d both had sex only twice previously (the night before, with each other), so they’d still had plenty of growing to do. Margaery had shared her bed often with Mira, among other women, but she’d never had a cock inside of her until their wedding night, and naturally she’d still been learning and getting used to that feeling when she’d first straddled him the morning after their wedding and bedding.

She was right about having gotten much better at knowing what she was doing. It really had been great to be with her even back then, but in terms of pure skill, Margaery’s lovemaking was on another level now. She knew what it felt like to have his cock inside of her, and she knew just how to ride it. There was no need for her to try moving her body at different angles or speeds to find the perfect one, because she already knew what would work best.

The fact that she didn’t immediately sit down and start grinding back and forth just meant that she wanted to take her time and savor this, and Robb had no problem with that. Margaery began by slowly bouncing and wiggling, and he merely sat back, let her do as she wished and enjoyed having her on top of him. She could spend as long as she liked sitting on his cock, and Robb would be happy for it. Of all of the reasons he lamented the fact that he had to leave King’s Landing to make for the Wall, not having Margaery beside him in bed every night was the biggest. He’d grown used to being with her since she’d joined him here in the capital, and he would miss her fiercely.

Margaery had always been light and playful when they spoke of him leaving, but he knew she was no more looking forward to it than he was. Their marriage had been born out of mutual convenience, with her looking for a replacement king who might claim King’s Landing to appease her father’s ambitions and Robb accepting because he needed the troops and the food that her family could provide. But what had been created out of need had quickly become genuine fondness and love. Robb loved this woman, and she’d shown him again and again that she loved him just as much. Being apart again was going to be tough for both of them and even tougher since she was now carrying their first child. Depending on how long Robb was away in the north, it was possible she would give birth before he’d made it back, though he certainly hoped not.

There was nothing to be done for that though, and dwelling on that unpleasant possibility would only have soured this special night. Whatever happened from here and however long duty kept them apart this time, they were together tonight, and that was what mattered. Robb didn’t get dragged down by thoughts of their parting or what might happen while he was gone. He watched Margaery’s sexy body in motion, enjoyed feeling her move on his cock and forgot about everything else.

Or at least he did, until he was reminded that they were not alone in their bedchamber tonight. Arianne Martell kissed the side of his neck and curled up on her side next to him. “I hope you don’t mind if I join you up here,” she said. “But when one is invited to a

private celebration with the king and queen, you can't help but want to get the best seat possible."

Margaery laughed. "By all means," she said. "We did invite you all to join." She looked off to the side. "I would invite the other two to get closer as well, but it would seem they're happy where they are." Indeed, Dacey had pulled Alayaya into her lap as she sat on the same chair Arianne had used while drinking her wine earlier, and she did not look in any hurry to let the ebon-skinned girl go. She was kissing Alayaya and groping her arse with both hands, making the most of her final night with her before leaving in her own way.

"Yes, it does seem that way," Arianne agreed. "As for me, I have a feeling I'll be paying Alayaya a visit before I leave for home. And I'm enjoying this view too much to give it up."

Robb felt much the same. Watching Margaery's breasts bounce as she moved up and down on him was lovely, but he loved watching her grind back and forth as she did now even more. When she moved like this, he paid less attention to her breasts and far more to her face. This was the motion she used when she was ready to seek her pleasure, and watching Margaery's excitement grow was something he looked forward to nearly as much as his own satisfaction. Seeing the pleasure light up that beautiful face helped Robb forget everything else and enjoy their time together without any worries, fears or doubts. When they were apart and he was missing her most, he hoped he would be able to remember this moment.

"Robb," Margaery whispered, biting her lower lip and staring down at him as her cheeks flushed. "Oh! Oh, *Robb!*"

"Come for me, Margaery," he said, seeing how close she was and offering his help and encouragement. "With me. Together." Soon they were going to be apart again, but right now, they could remain as connected as possible.

Margaery's grinding got rough and insistent after that, and her eyes showed him how desperate she was to finish and have him finish with her. Their eyes locked, and they held that eye contact as Margaery moaned out her pleasure. Robb's hands moved to her belly and rested there while he loosed his seed inside of her. The eye contact never broke, even as Arianne laughed, kissed Robb's neck and then sat up from the bed and moved to join Dacey and Alayaya.

They'd invited a few friends to join them for their celebration, but in the end, it was the king and queen with each other, celebrating their joining. They looked into each other's eyes as they shared one more thing together. The fate of the entire realm had changed when Margaery Tyrell took it upon herself to propose offering her freshly widowed hand to the King in the North, and that one decision had made everything that had happened since possible, including the coronation that they were spending the night celebrating.

Margaery went down on top of him after she'd finished, and Robb was there to take her into his arms and kiss her. They would have to part soon, but he was going to enjoy every second that he had with her until then. And as soon as he was able, he would return to her. Robb vowed to himself that he *would* return and take his wife into his arms again, no matter what awaited him in the north. The wildlings weren't going to keep him from her for any longer than he could help.

And if there *were* Others beyond the Wall, or the rumors about Daenerys Targaryen having dragons were true, they weren't going to stop him from making it back home either. Robb would defeat any threat that tried to come between him, his queen and the happiness they'd found in their marriage of opportunity.